

W. W. W. W.

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THE ERL KING.

J. W. Callcott Mus. Bac. Oxon.

Pr. 2.56

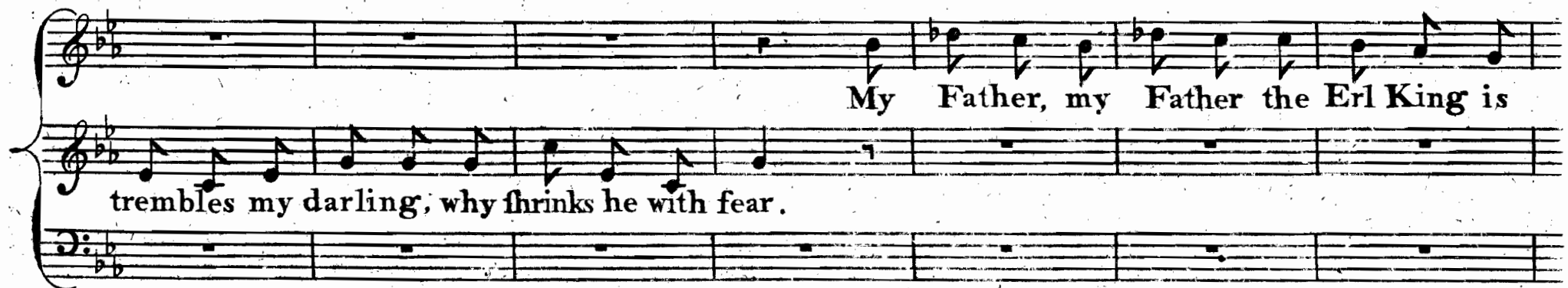
Sept. 28. 1798

Allegretto.

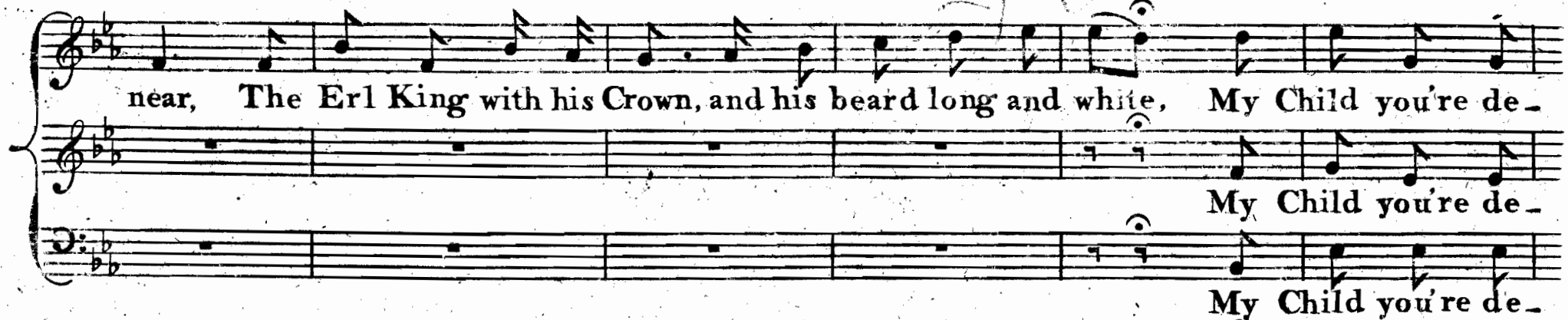
Who is it that rides thro' the forest fo fast. Whilst
Who is it that rides thro' the forest fo fast. Whilst
Who is it that rides thro' the forest fo fast. Whilst

night glooms around him, Whilst chill roars the blast; The Father who holds his young
night glooms around him, Whilst chill roars the blast; The Father who holds his young
night glooms around him, Whilst chill roars the blast; The Father who holds his young

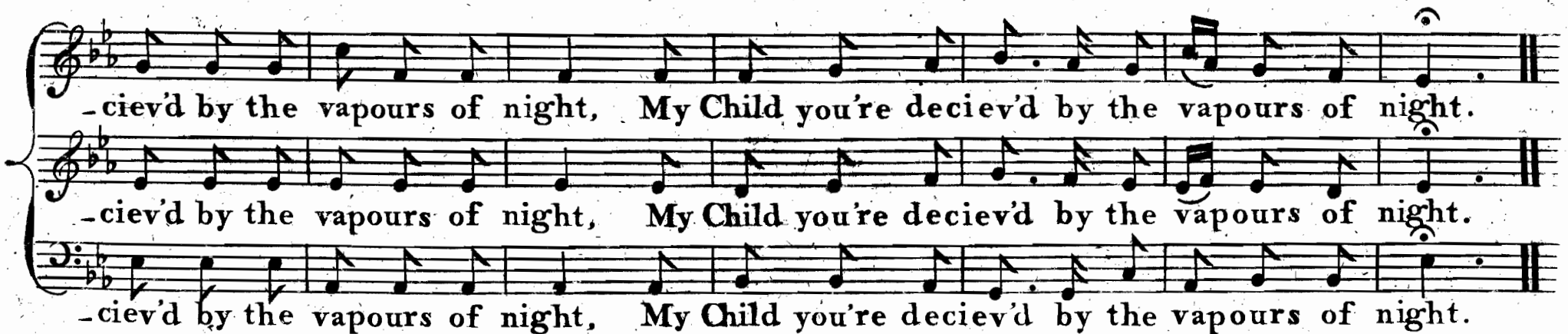
Son in his arm, And close in his mantle has wrapt him up warm.
Son in his arm, And close in his mantle has wrapt him up warm. Why
Son in his arm, And close in his mantle has wrapt him up warm.



My Father, my Father the Erl King is
trembles my darling, why shinks he with fear.



near, The Erl King with his Crown, and his beard long and white, My Child you're de-
My Child you're de-
My Child you're de-



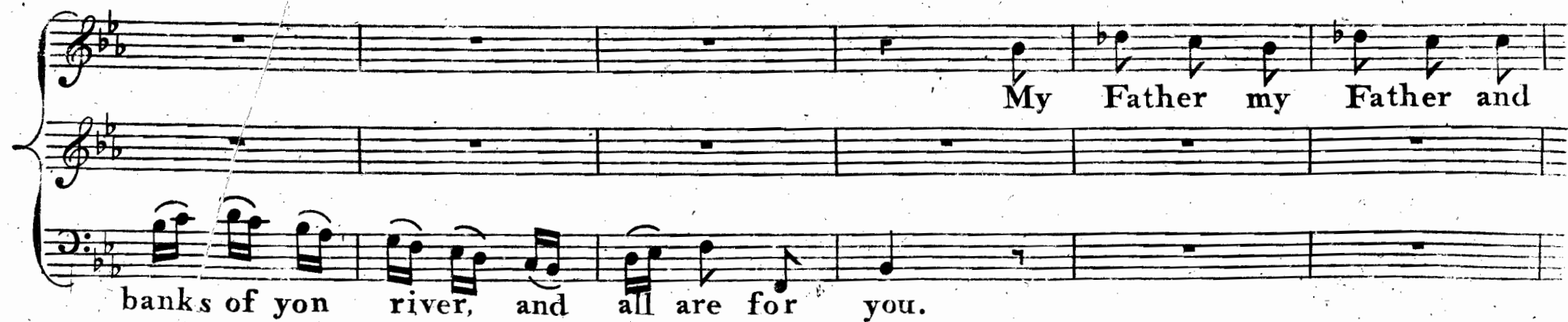
-ciev'd by the vapours of night, My Child you're deciev'd by the vapours of night.
-ciev'd by the vapours of night, My Child you're deciev'd by the vapours of night.
-ciev'd by the vapours of night, My Child you're deciev'd by the vapours of night.



If thou wilt dear Baby with me go a - way, I'll give thee fine garments, well



play a fine play; Fine flowers are growing white scarlet and blue, On the



My Father my Father and
banks of yon river, and all are for you.

5

doft thou not hear. What words the Erl King whispers foft in my ear, Oh

Oh

Oh

hush thee my Child, fet thy bofom at eafe, Thou hearft but the willows when

hush thee my Child, fet thy bofom at eafe, Thou hearft but the willows when

hush thee my Child, fet thy bofom at eafe, Thou hearft but the willows when

murmurs the breeze, Thou hearft but the willows when murmurs the breeze.

murmurs the breeze, Thou hearft but the willows when murmurs the breeze.

murmurs the breeze, Thou hearft but the willows when murmurs the breeze.

If thou wilt dear Baby with me go a - way, My Daughter shall nurse thee fo

fair and fo gay; My Daughter in purple and gold who is drest, Shall

My Father my Father and
love thee and kifs thee, and fing thee to rest.

doft thou not fee The Erl King and his Daughter are waiting for me. Oh

Oh

Oh

shame thee my Infant 'tis fear makes thee blind, Thou feeft the dark willows which

shame thee my Infant 'tis fear makes thee blind, Thou feeft the dark willows which

shame thee my Infant 'tis fear makes thee blind, Thou feeft the dark willows which

wave in the wind; Thou feeft the dark willows which wave in the wind.

wave in the wind; Thou feeft the dark willows which wave in the wind.

wave in the wind; Thou feeft the dark willows which wave in the wind.

I love thee, I doat on thy features so fine I must and will have thee, and

My Father my Father oh hold me now fast, He

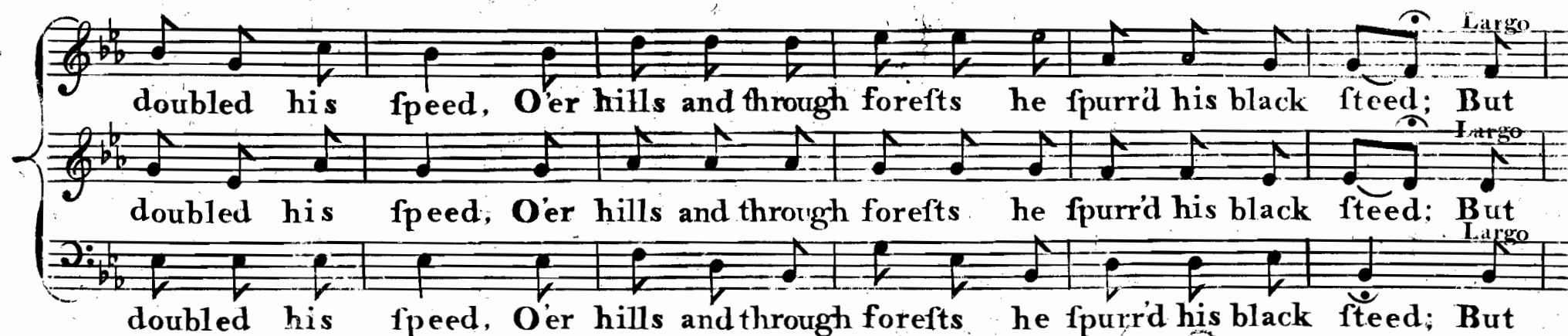
force makes thee mine.

pulls me, he hurts me, he'll have me at last. The Father he trembled, he

The Father he trembled, he

The Father he trembled, he

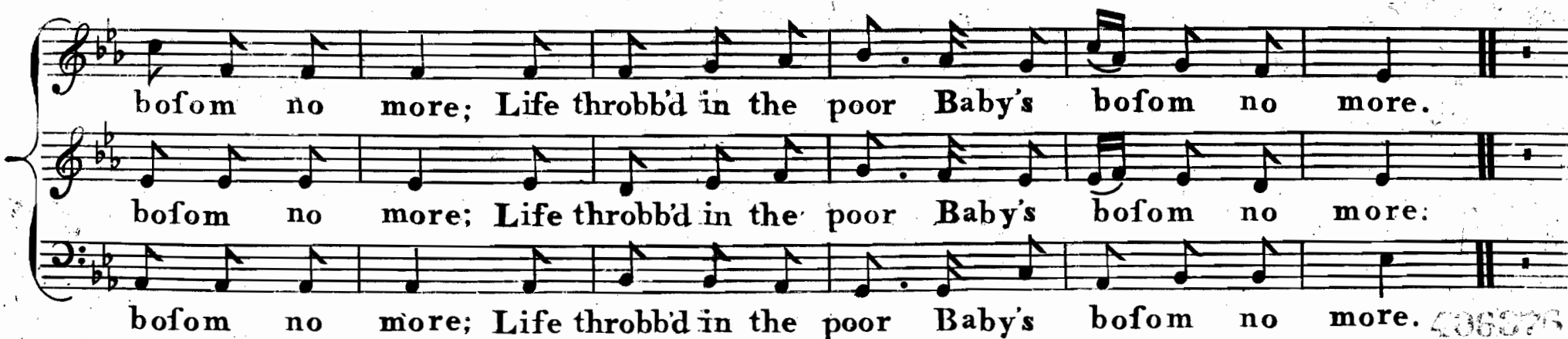
Allegriſſimo.



Largo
doubled his speed, O'er hills and through forests he spurrd his black fteed; But
doubled his speed, O'er hills and through forests he spurrd his black fteed; But
doubled his speed, O'er hills and through forests he spurrd his black fteed; But



when he arriv'd at his own Castle door, Life throbb'd in the poor Baby's
when he arriv'd at his own Castle door, Life throbb'd in the poor Baby's
when he arriv'd at his own Castle door, Life throbb'd in the poor Baby's



bofom no more; Life throbb'd in the poor Baby's bofom no more.
bofom no more; Life throbb'd in the poor Baby's bofom no more:
bofom no more; Life throbb'd in the poor Baby's bofom no more.

